



GODBOMB PART THREE: THUNDER IN THE BLOOD

The Far Future. The Black World of Gorr.



MMM...

GORR?
WATCHING ME
SLEEP AGAIN?

COME TO
BED, DEAR, AND
I PROMISE YOU A
BETTER VIEW.

SOON, I'M
SORRY I WOKE
YOU.

IS EVERYTHING ALL
RIGHT? I HEARD AN
EXPLOSION EARLIER
AND WHAT SOUNDED
LIKE THUNDER.

GODS BEING
GODS. NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT.
EVERYTHING
PROGRESSES
AS PLANNED.

YOUR
BOMB...IT'S
ALMOST FINISHED
THEN?

ALMOST,
YES.



WE ALL
WILL.

AND ONCE IT
IS...ONCE YOU'VE
FINALLY KILLED ALL
THE GODS...YOU'LL
BE FREE THEN,
WON'T YOU?

I HAVE DREAMED
OF THAT DAY FOR SUCH
A VERY LONG TIME, MY LOVE,
BUT TELL ME...WHY DO WE NEVER
SPEAK OF...WHAT COMES AFTER?



AFTER...

YOU KNOW
WHAT COMES
AFTER.

I'D LIKE
TO HEAR YOU
SAY IT.

AFTER THE
BOMB...I WILL
FINALLY BE
READY...TO...

TO WHAT, MY
LOVE? AND PLEASE,
DON'T SAY DIE.



NO.
TO LIVE.

GORR...IS
THAT...?



TRUMBLE

GO BACK
TO SLEEP, MY
LOVE, AND KNOW THAT
WHEN YOU NEXT WAKE...

"IT WILL BE
TO A WORLD
TRANSFORMED."

WE
SHOULD HAVE
A PLAN.

FOLLOW MY LEAD, THE BOTH
OF YOU. AND TRY NOT TO
GET US KILLED. *THAT'S*
OUR PLAN.

HIT HIM
WITH HAMMERS
UNTIL HE BREAKS.
THAT'S MY
PLAN.

EVERYTHING
BELOW US, THE
ENTIRE PLANET, IT ALL
APPEARS TO BE MADE FROM
GORR'S *WEAPON*. WE SHOULD
KEEP THE FIGHT IN THE AIR
FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

YOU FORGET,
THE BOY HAS
NO MJOLNIR. HE
CANNOT FLY.

DO NOT WORRY
ABOUT ME, OLD MAN.
I'M THE ONLY THOR
HERE WHO HAS ALREADY
BEATEN THIS BASTARD,
TWICE.

YOU'RE ALSO THE
ONLY THOR WHO'S BEEN
CAPTURED BY HIM *TWICE*.
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE
RASH AND RECKLESS
HERE. WE MUST...

YOU SHOULD
HAVE BROUGHT
MORE THORS.



THEN STRUCK
THOR.

WITH THE FURY
OF A BILLION
STORMS.





THE SKY EXPLODED
WITH LIGHTNING AND
BLACK GORE.

THUNDER ECHOED
THROUGH THE DEPTHS
OF SPACE.

THUNDER AND
THE POUNDING
OF HAMMERS.

THANK YOU FOR
THIS, THUNDER GODS.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
SUCH A SHAME TO
HAVE ENDED ALL
OF DIVINITY...

...WITHOUT ONE
LAST CHANCE TO BE
A BUTCHER.

RRRR
RRRR
GGGHH!!

A CASK OF THE
FINEST ALE TO THE
GOD WHO STILL
HAS THAT TONGUE.

I HAVE WAITED
900 YEARS FOR THIS
MOMENT. TO FEEL THE
THUNDER IN MY BLOOD
ONCE AGAIN.

AND DO
YOU?

LET US
SEE.



Moments Later,
Light-Years Away.



SUCH WAS THE AWESOME
MIGHT OF AN ALL-FATHER
UNLEASHED, THAT FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN MILLENNIA...

THE BUTCHER OF
GODS KNEW FEAR.







THE TRUE HISTORY OF GORR'S WEAPON HAD BEEN LOST TO TIME, THOUGH THERE WERE MANY DIFFERENT STORIES AND LEGENDS.



SOME SAID IT WAS A BLADE FORGED BY THE ELDER GODS AND USED IN THE TIME OF CREATION TO CARVE EXISTENCE FROM THE UNBREAKABLE STONE OF NOTHINGNESS.

OTHERS SAID IT WAS THE DARKNESS IN ALL GODS GIVEN FORM, AND THAT WHOEVER WIELDED IT WAS MERELY AN EMPTY VESSEL FOR ITS MURDEROUS WILL.



THERE WERE STORIES THAT IT HAD SLAIN BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS EVEN BEFORE GORR. THAT IT HAD RAGED THROUGH WORLDS LIKE A WILDFIRE THROUGH DRY STALKS.

THAT ITS POWER WOULD CONTINUE TO GROW FOR ALL TIME, UNTIL THE DAY IT FINALLY BLACKENED ALL OF INFINITY.



PERHAPS ON THAT DAY THEY WILL TELL STORIES OF THIS ONE.

OF THE DAY GORR'S BLACK WORLD BECAME RINGED WITH BLOOD AND THE SCREAMING OF GODS FILLED THE COSMOS ENTIRE.

THE DAY THE LORDS OF ALL THE HEAVENS WERE SLAUGHTERED LIKE LAMBS.



I HEAR SCREAMING FROM WORLDS AWAY. GODS ARE DYING.

GORR IS KILLING HIS SLAVES. HE KNOWS HE'S IN TROUBLE, AND THE GODBLOOD FUELS HIS POWER.

I WILL SHOW THE BASTARD BLOOD! LET ME--



HHRGG.

GGGRH.



I FEEL THEM...DROWNING. FEEL THE BLACKNESS FLOODING THEM.

NO THOR WILL SURVIVE THIS DAY.

NO GORR WILL EITHER!



HAAA! FASTER, YOU STUPID SHARK!



NO MORE CHAINS! NO MORE OF YOUR BLACK BERSERKERS! JUST YOU AND ME NOW, GORR!



AND THE HAMMER I'M GOING TO KILL YOU WITH!



I'D TELL YOU TO PRAY TO YOUR GODS, BUT I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE ANY! THOUGH YOU MAY PRAY TO ME IF YOU LIKE!

THUMP!

KKAKK

THOUGH IF YOU PRAY FOR A QUICK DEATH...

...DON'T EXPECT YOUR PRAYER TO BE ANSWERED!



SERPENTS.
ALWAYS ANOTHER
DAMN SERPENT.

WE MUST BE
FREE OF THIS MIRE!
GORR MUST ANSWER
TO THE FURY OF
OUR HAMMERS!

AM I NOT THE
ALL-FATHER, BOY?
AM I NOT THE WAY AND
THE WRATH AND
THE WONDER?

RRRRGH!!!
GO!

LEAVE THE
LORD OF ASGARD
TO DEAL WITH
THIS WORM!

AS MJOLNIR FLEW, THOR
STRAINED TO HOLD FAST.
ASTEROIDS SHATTERED IN
HIS WAKE. SCARS FLICKERED.

HE KNEW HE MUST NOT
STOP, NO MATTER WHAT
HE SAW. EVEN IF THERE
WERE WOUNDED.

EVEN IF THEY
WERE HIM.



COME!
I NEVER GET
TIRED OF KILLING
THORS!

WITH EVERY SWING OF HIS
MIGHTY HAMMER, THOR
FELT HIS BONES RATTLE.
HIS FINGERS CRACK. HIS
MUSCLES TEAR.

AND YET, HE SWUNG
AGAIN. EVEN HARDER
THAN BEFORE.

AND AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.



WITH EVERY CUT, HE FELT GORR'S
WEAPON CREEP INSIDE HIM. BURROWING
DEEPER INTO HIS FLESH. BROKEN
BLADES BECAME BLACK MAGGOTS,
EATING HIM FROM THE INSIDE.

BUT THOR MADE HIS MIND
AS HARD AS THE URU OF
HIS HAMMER. AND HE
THUNDERED ON.



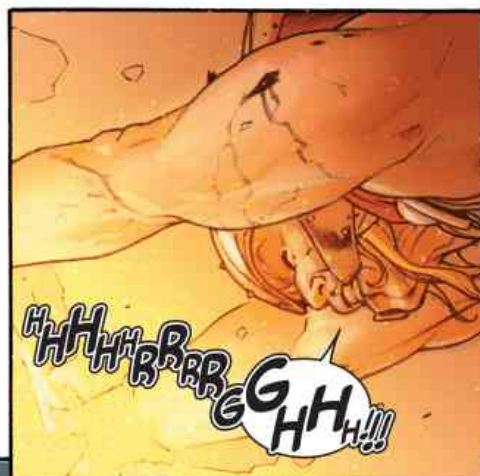
THOR IGNORED THE PAIN. THE
ROAR OF HIS OWN SCREAMS.
THE SHATTERING OF WORLDS
AROUND HIM.

THOR FOCUSED ONLY
ON BLUDGEONING
AND IGNORED...



...EVERYTHING...
ELSE.

NO.
THAT'S
NO EMPTY
MOON.





THUS DID THE NORSE GOD OF THUNDER COME TO BE WORSHIPPED ON A SCARRED WORLD IN A DISTANT CORNER OF SPACE.



AT LAST I UNDERSTAND YOU, LITTLE GOD.

THE OLD YOU, THE KING, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN FUELED BY REGRET. HE THINKS IF HE KILLS ME, HE CAN ERASE HIS OWN HISTORY OF WRETCHED FAILURE.

AND THE YOUNG ONE, THE VIKING GOD, HE USES ARROGANCE AND RAGE TO MASK HIS CRIPPLING SHAME.



BUT YOU... YOU I COULD NEVER QUITE FIGURE OUT, UNTIL NOW.



YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT.

THAT'S WHY YOU FIGHT SO HARD. WHY YOU TRY SO DESPERATELY HARD TO SEEM NOBLE.

BECAUSE YOU SEE JUST HOW PETTY AND USELESS YOUR KIND TRULY ARE.

YOU KNOW WHAT I KNOW. THAT GODS HAVE NEVER CREATED OR CARED FOR ANYTHING, EXCEPT THEMSELVES.



THE GOD WHO DOUBTS. HEH, I CHANGE MY MIND.

YOU'RE MY FAVORITE THOR.



IN THE GREAT BLACK EMPTINESS
OF SPACE, THE MIGHTY THOR
REACHED OUT HIS HAMMER
AND AT LAST THE BLACK
LEVIATHAN FELL.

AND THOR LOOKED
UPON HIS WORK.

AND KNEW IT
WAS JUST THE
BEGINNING.

THOR THE FATHER. THE
LORD OF ASGARD. THOR
THE KING OF KINGS.

YOUNG THOR HAD
A HAMMER IN HIS
HAND AND A VIKING
CRY OF BATTLE
UPON HIS LIPS.

BENEATH THE
RAGE, HE WAS
SMILING.

THOR THE SON OF ODIN.
THE PRINCE OF ASGARD.
THOR THE BLOODY
REDEEMER.

THOR THE AVENGER
FOUGHT WITH THE
SPIRIT OF A
MULTITUDE.

THOR THE HOLY HERO.
CHAMPION OF THE
COSMOS. THOR THE
HAMMER OF HEAVEN.

THE THREE THORS.
THE GREATEST OF
ALL THE GODS.

OR SO THE
STORY GOES.



SOMEWHERE IN THE COSMOS,
STARWHALES BEACHED
THEMSELVES ON AN ASTEROID
AND DIED, HUNDREDS OF THEM,
FOR SEEMINGLY NO REASON
AT ALL.

A DOG WAS BORN WITH
THE FACE OF A CHILD,
SCREAMING IN TERROR.
IT DID NOT LIVE
FOR LONG.

A SAINTLY WOMAN DIED AND
FOUND NO ONE WAITING FOR
HER ON THE OTHER SIDE,
NO WHITE LIGHT TO GUIDE
HER, NOTHING.

THE SACRED WATERS
OF THE WELL OF MIMIR
TURNED RED AND
BITTER.

THE WORLD TREE
BLED AT THE
ROOTS.

IN ASGARD, THE STATUES
OF THE KINGS BEGAN
WEEPING.

AND ON A BACKWOODS WORLD,
AN ALIEN BOY LOOKED UP AT
THE MORNING SKY...



AND SAW THE SUN
TURN BLACK.



ON THE WORLD OF GORR,
THUNDER IS HEARD. AND
THEN IT BEGAN TO RAIN.



IT RAINED
BLOOD.

GODBLOOD.



THEN IT RAINED
HAMMERS.

And THORS.

And DESPAIR.

MAKE
READY THE
BOMB!

